UNITY

FREEDOM, FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor, 1880-1918)

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OF GANDHI'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

began in this magazine on

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GANDHI'S RETURN TO INDIA
HIS LAW PRACTISE
BEGINNING OF HIS PUBLIC CAREER
and
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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOLUME XCVIII | MONDAY, NOVEMBER 8, 1926 | NUMBER 10

'GENE DEBS ENTERS INTO HEAVEN

"Come up here beside me,
For you are worthy
Inasmuch as you did
Your good deeds of love
To the least of my brethren,
My toilers and poor—
Come up here beside me,
For it was for such as you
My father laid the foundations of His earth
In justice, in mercy, in love."

And the brakeman of Terre Haute
And the Carpenter of Nazareth
Will sit together at the Feast of Love
In the Human Temple Beautiful;
And our hearts will be glad to see them together.

—*John Milton Scott.*

Debs is dead! The passing of no other American could touch so many hearts with a grief so personal in its poignancy. Leader of the Socialist Party for a generation, five times its candidate for the presidency, he was more and greater than any political headship or any candidacy for public office. For he was preeminently a lover of men. He not only taught and believed but beautifully lived the ideal of human brotherhood. Immortal are his words—

> While there is a lower class, I am in it;
> While there is a criminal element, I am of it;
> While there is a soul in jail, I am not free.

Thomas Mott Osborne, dead on the same day in Auburn, N. Y., when Debs was dead in Chicago, was a man good to look upon when he was alive, and good to think upon now that his days are done. There was always something splendid, knightly, almost regal, about him in his bounty, his sympathy, his friendships, his public service. But he was not known in any widespread popular way until he became interested in crime and criminals, in prisons and prisoners. Then, at one stroke, so to speak, he caught the imagination of the people, and became one of the most admired and beloved of men. His week of voluntary incarceration in state's prison was a stroke of genius—it dramatized the prison problem in a way to bring it vividly and permanently to public attention. His administration as Warden of Sing Sing marked an epoch in the history of American penology. His similar service as head of the Naval Prison at Portsmouth, N. H., during the War, marked a similar epoch in this more specialized field. His lectures at Yale produced a classic in the literature of prison reform. But his outstanding achievement was his conception and organization of the Mutual Welfare League, a society of convicts which took over the discipline of its members in the prison, and their personal rehabilitation and advancement outside of the prison after their release. It was in the work of this League that Osborne worked his miracles, as Judge Lindsay has worked and is still working them in Denver with juvenile delinquents. Here was again the demonstration that "love never faileth." Osborne took the most mature criminals of the worst type, and, because he trusted them and helped them and *loved* them, made them men again. Osborne's fame is secure. Already his name takes its place on the saintly role with Beccara, John Howard, Elizabeth Fry, and Dorothea Dix. *"I was in prison, and ye came unto me!"*

It might be well, it strikes us, if we Americans paused "about this time," as the old almanacs put it, to realize what a hectic life it is that we are living. All summer long it is baseball games, golf and tennis matches, English Channel swims, all worked up, like a revival meeting, by the newspapers. In September it was the Dempsey-Tunney prize-fight in Philadelphia; in early October, it was the world-championship series of baseball games in New York and St. Louis; just now it is college football, with its accompanying hysteria, all over the map from Maine to California. Then, with the close of the football season, comes Christmas, with its orgy of buying and selling, giving and receiving, lasting well over into the new year. In between-times we have an election now and then, a visit from a queen, a Mills-Hall murder trial, a Valentino funeral, and, everything else failing, a "Peaches" Browning scandal or a Stillman flare-up. When was there ever such a demand for excitement—and when was this demand ever so slavishly, so shamelessly served by the newspapers as it is today? Or is it the other way 'round? Is it the newspapers kicking up the artificial excitement, and the idle public going mad with the "dope" thus handed out to them morning and night? There is much to be said for the latter interpretation Who cares about Browning and his "Peaches"? Nobody anywhere has the slightest native interest in the case, it has no public significance of any kind, but it's

lovely material for sensationally salacious treatment, so the newspapers concoct tons of the nasty slop, and the swine struggle to guzzle it down. How many people, outside the college population, are genuinely interested in football? The overwhelming mass of the populace never saw and never will see a game, know little about the sport and care less—yet the papers play it up as a gorgeous circus, and make the public dead drunk for a month from the stuff they print. What was the explanation of the Valentino orgy? Millions of women had a genuine enthusiasm for a handsome and romantic actor. Psychology finds no difficulty in explaining what was genuine grief over his untimely passing. But would there have been any such exhibition of mania had the papers not screamed for days with a madness of excitement? Thus, for no other reason than that of selling newspapers, the American people are driven from one disgusting insanity to another. What are we to think of people who thus allow themselves to be debauched? And what chance is there for the serious concerns of life amid such perpetual hysteria over nothing?

The cost to the United States of the wars in which she has engaged has been estimated as follows:

American Revolution	$ 175,000,000
War of 1812	142,000,000
Mexican War	132,000,000
Civil War	9,834,314,981
Spanish-American War	694,771,861
Total	$10,757,294,419

The exact cost of the Great War has not yet been satisfactorily estimated. It is known, however, that the gross expenditures of the United States Government during the nineteen months of our participation in the European struggle were $22,483,760,000. As the expenditures of the Government for ordinary civil purposes during this period could not have conceivably been more than $2,000,000,000, we may assume that the war expenditures were at least $20,000,000,000. Which means that America spent during the Great War just about twice as much money as she spent in the previous wars in her history! But this is not all. The total expenditures of the United States Government for all purposes from 1791 to 1916 were $26,700,000,000. Comparing this figure with the figure for gross expenditures from April, 1917, to November, 1918, we find, to quote the *Advocate For Peace*, that "the money spent during nineteen months of war time was 84 per cent of all that was spent during our entire previous history as a nation." That Great War, like other silly nonsense generally, cost us a tidy sum! Plenty of profiteers made their everlasting fortunes. The War was a happy event for bankers, ship-builders, army-contractors, ammunition and arms manufacturers, and Alien Property Custodians, but for the plain, every-day common people it was a grievous burden. Yet these same common people applaud while they watch a battleship in the movies, and yell like maniacs when they see a file of soldiers marching by.

Are criminal tendencies native, or are they produced by environment? Is crime the result of bad inheritance or of bad conditions? Some years ago, at a social welfare exhibit in New York, we saw a large map of the borough of Manhattan, upon which was graphically depicted the geographical distribution of the twelve thousand cases of juvenile delinquency which had come before the Juvenile Court during the previous year. Each case was indicated by a black pin inserted in the map at the point where the delinquent boy or girl lived at the time of the arrest. It was interesting to notice that the thousands of pins were not evenly distributed over the map, so many children on an average to a street, but were bunched in certain comparatively narrow areas. There were three or four neighborhoods which produced delinquent children, and these neighborhoods, curiously enough, coincided with the three or four vilest slum areas of the city. More recently an investigation was made of the geographical distribution of banditry in New York. Where do the "stick-up" men come from? Almost without exception from five precisely defined areas on the lower east side of Manhattan, the lower west side, the upper east side, Brooklyn, and the Bronx. The slum districts again! Of course, the people who live in these districts may be bad stock. There are plenty of people today who are arguing that it is slum people who produce slums. But we believe this is putting the cart before the horse. What we have in New York, as in other cities, are breeding places of crime.

Crime is not a matter of environment alone, (says a recent writer on the subject.) Many factors are involved. But the most superficial analysis of the places where criminals live at the time of their arrest demonstrates very definitely the part that poverty plays in the situation.

Everybody wants to get rid of crime, and just now nearly everybody is shouting for severe punishments. Which is just about as sensible as trying to get rid of mosquitoes by slapping them particularly hard! There is only one way to destroy the mosquito and that is to wipe out the marshes and pools in which he breeds. The same thing holds true of criminals. Changed social conditions, and nothing else, will solve the problem.

Bruce Barton is no enemy of the church. His parentage, his life, and latterly his writings, prove this conclusively enough. But his business—advertising expert—gives him appreciation of certain facts which he cannot dodge, and, honest man that he is, he blurts them right out in meetin'! Church statistics, for example! Just like UNITY, which has been soundly berated, lo, these many years, for its utter skepticism in this field, Mr. Barton refuses to take church statistics seriously. All these figures, solemnly published year

after year, showing the enormous growth in church membership, Sunday school attendance, etc., etc.—they are all just so much "bunk"! We know it, and have said so; Bruce Barton knows it, and says so. Only his word counts more than ours, as he is used to dealing with statistics and their sources, and we are not! It is perhaps not surprising that Mr. Barton should be indignant over the situation, for he is a leader in the great movement for honest advertising, and he feels a sense of betrayal in seeing the churches competing with the politicians and the patent medicine vendors in deliberately deceiving the public. So he talks right out in terms of *honesty*.

> In the new era in religion the Church will learn to be as honest as business. Business men do not kid themselves about their sales or their finances. Neither should the Church kid itself about its membership or its efficiency. I'd like to see the Church make the same kind of survey which an honest advertising agency makes for a client when the client seeks to know if he has anything to advertise. For instance, the Church should not keep names on its membership rolls unless they represent names of active, interested members. The dead ones should be thrown out.

Mr. Barton seems to see an "era" when the church will thus estimate and publish its resources on a basis of honesty. So do we! It is the era which will see the end of the present denominational organization of religion, and the full establishment of a community organization of religion in its place. As long as we have the present competition between rival sects, as long as we have denominational field secretaries who have to make records and hard-pressed ministers who have to win or hold denominational subsidies from headquarters, so long we will have grave-stones robbed to make a church membership roll. Wipe all this out, absorb ecclesiastical interests wholly in religious interests, and we shall know at last the facts.

The Next Cervantes

He will have a great deal to do, this next Cervantes, and there may have to be many of him. For example, he will find enough to occupy one man in laughing at war. The humor of war is now covered, for pacifists, by its tragedy and futility; and for militarists its humor is cloaked by tradition. Rob it of these husks and there is the awful humor of marching men, got up at vast expense to move with fierce dignity against other fierce and dignified men, because they believe such-and-such to be the case—a kind of cosmic humor close, like all real humor, to inextinguishable tears. He will laugh, this Cervantes to come, at the deliberations of solemn men around shining tables, all declaring themselves in favor of peace but conceding that war is "necessary," for only the new Cervantes could turn to ridicule the reasons which they never mention at all—"glory" and profit and secret policy. These shivering little reasons, set beside the grave routine of the universe, will be as laughable, some day, as the jousts of the days of chivalry, or the field of "honor."

The next Cervantes will laugh at the people who are in sympathy with labor, who know that it holds in its hands the future of society, who talk of the right to live and the worth of the laborer to take his hire—and then every time that they have an opportunity to stand with labor, at a board meeting, at the polls, on a platform—instead utter regretful platitudes about this not being the moment to take such action.

He is going to laugh at men and women who, in an ageless universe and bound upon a nameless quest, ignorant of the nature of their own being and ignorant of one another, yet think it worth their while to express resentment or even to feel it; who do not find their dignity lowered at the pastime of wounding another; and who make their own private interpretation of truth-telling, honor and justice. Why should Cervantes not laugh at the steeds and squires and windmills of all of us?

Above all, one would say, this next arch satirist will laugh at the simple daily process of thought and reaction of the human being—will laugh, perhaps, tenderly, as Arnold Bennett laughs at his appealing and appalling Raingo—big man of the Empire, whom he shows walking off briskly and with his unequaled dignity; as if he were all preoccupations and engagements, —when as a matter of fact he is wishing that he had an engagement for lunch and can not decide where to eat alone. Lord Raingo, by the way, is one of the great achievements of Arnold Bennett's career. Almost he is, in this book, himself the next Cervantes, ironic because of the human race, but compassionate always, so that one loves all the poor busy aspiring knights, of whatever name.

It will be observed by this Cervantes to come that men and women are not particularly funny when they are purely individualists. In their solitude of thought, in their rare hours of conscious solitude of spirit, they command respect. *It is only in their relations, direct or implied, with other human beings that they are humorous.* In a word, he will observe us in the universal bondage to an imperfect socialization. We are funny in our reactions to one another—direct or implied—because some way we are still awkward in one another's presence here on this earth. We do not yet know how to be truly social beings. We do not know how to act together.

Whenever we do briefly achieve something approaching socialization in some non-exclusive cause, we are no longer funny. The pulse and rhythm of a great

memorial meeting; the rocking vibration of the good-natured laughter of a great audience—the tremendous feat of a great meeting called in a common cause inimical to none—it is in such moments that we see the outline of ourselves, of the Human Being—completed and alive and beginning to function.

Toward that one some Cervantes can help us. He can come to us with stellar photographs of our Rosinantes and our Sanchos and our knighthood itself. But the perfect Cervantes will know us all as on the way, with slow and awkward steps, under the patient sun.

ZONA GALE.

Jottings

"Let us be sure of our ideal. We shall always fail to realize it, but we should never cease to strive for it." —Gandhi.

A newspaper editor, speaking of the decline of Socialism in Debs' latter days, describes Debs as "a negligible Marius weeping over the ruins of a Socialist Carthage." There is a picture for you, brethren! Get out your Roman histories, and see what a picture it really is.

When Will Rogers observes that Germany is paying her reparations, and saying never a word about it, and adds—

> You can afford to do that when you have lost a war and don't have an army and navy to support,

he makes a profound as well as a witty statement. This jester, like many another jester, sees and tells truth.

We have never thought of Rabindranath Tagore as a humorist, or ironist. The whole temper of the Eastern mind seems alien to this type of speech. But when we find Tagore speaking of himself, now sojourning in Rome, as "under the aegis of Mussolini, *that gentle hermit who, like myself, shuns fame, and whose life and its message are interior,*" we think again. Such reference to the Italian dictator persuades us that Tagore is an ironist of the first order.

It is interesting to see how the patent medicine advertisements are creeping back into the daily press—even into some of the high class newspapers. Must we go through another furious campaign to get rid of this pernicious stuff?

Charles Edward Russell has recently published a biography of Julia Marlowe. A new book on pottery is announced by John Spargo. Here are two answers to the question as to what has become of the radical movement in America.

J. H. H.

The Story of My Experiments with Truth

[The Autobiography of Mahatma Gandhi]

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PART II—CHAPTER VIII

On the Way to Pretoria

I soon came in contact with the Christian Indians living in Durban. The Court Interpreter, Mr. Paul, was a Roman Catholic. I made his acquaintance as also that of the late Mr. Subhan Godfrey, then a teacher under the Protestant Mission, and father of Mr. James Godfrey who since has been a member of the South African Deputation which visited India last year. I likewise met the late Parsi Rustomji and the late Adamji Miyakhan about the same time. All these friends who up to then had never met one another except on business came ultimately into close contact as we shall see later.

Whilst I was thus widening the circle of my acquaintance, the firm received a letter from their lawyer saying that preparations should be made for the case, and that Abdulla Seth should go to Pretoria himself or send a representative.

Abdulla Seth gave me this letter to read, and asked me if I would go to Pretoria. "I can only say after I have understood the case from you," said I. "At present, I am at a loss to know what I have to do there." He thereupon asked his clerks to explain the case to me.

As I began to study the case, I felt as though I ought to begin from the A.B.C. of the subject. During the few days I had at Zanzibar, I had been to the Court to see the work there. A Parsi lawyer was examining a witness and asking him questions regarding credit and debit entries in account books. It was all Greek to me. Bookkeeping I had learned neither at school, nor during my stay in England.

And the case for which I had come to South Africa was mainly about accounts. Only he who knew accounts could understand and explain it. The clerk went on talking about something debited and something credited, and I felt more and more confused. I did not know what a P. Note meant. I failed to find the word in the dictionary. I revealed my ignorance to the clerk and learned from him that a P. Note meant a promisory note. I purchased a book on bookkeeping and studied it. That gave me some confidence. I understood the case. I saw that Abdulla Seth who did not know how to keep accounts had so much practical knowledge that he could quickly solve intricacies of bookkeeping. I told him that I was prepared to go to Pretoria.

"Where will you put up?" asked the Seth.

"Wherever you want me to," said I.

"Then I shall write to our lawyer. He will arrange

for your stay. I shall also write to my Memon friends there, but I would not advise you to stay with them. The other party has great influence in Pretoria. Should any one of them manage to read our private correspondence, it might do us a lot of harm. The more you avoid familiarity with them the better for us."

"I shall stay where your lawyer puts me up or I shall find out independent lodgings. Pray don't worry. Not a soul shall know anything that is confidential between us. But I do intend cultivating the acquaintance of the other party. I should like to be friends with them, I would try, if possible, to settle the case out of court. After all Tyeb Seth is a relative of yours."

Seth Tyeb Haji Khan Mahomed was a near relative of Abdulla Seth.

The mention of a probable settlement somewhat startled the latter, I could see. But I had already been six or seven days in Durban, and we now knew and understood each other. I was no longer a "white elephant." So he said:

"Y . . . es, I see. There would be nothing better than a settlement out of court. But we are all relatives and know one another very well indeed. Tyeb Seth is not a man to consent to a settlement easily. With the slightest unwariness on our part, he would screw all sorts of things out of us and do us down in the end. So please think twice before you do anything."

"Don't be anxious about that," said I.

"I need not talk to Tyeb Seth, or for that matter to any one else, about the case. I would only suggest to him to come to an understanding and so save a lot of unnecessary litigation."

On the seventh or eighth day after my arrival, I left Durban. A first class seat was booked for me. It was usual there to pay five shillings extra, if one needed beddings. Abdulla Seth insisted that I should book one bedding, but out of obstinacy and pride, and with a view to saving five shillings, I declined. Abdulla Seth warned me. "Look, now," said he. "This is a different country to India. Thank God, we have enough and to spare. Please do not stint yourself in anything that you may need."

I thanked him and asked him not to be anxious.

The train reached Maritzburg, the capital of Natal, at about 9 p. m. Beddings used to be provided at this station. A railway servant came and asked me if I wanted one. "No," said I. "I have one with me." He went away. But a passenger came next, and looked me up and down. He saw that I was a "colored" man. This disturbed him. Out he went and came in again with one or two officials. They all kept quiet, when another came to me and said, "Come along, you must go to the van compartment."

"But I have a first class ticket," said I.

"That doesn't matter," rejoined the other. "I tell you, you must go to the van compartment."

"I tell you I was permitted to travel in this compartment at Durban and I insist on going on in it."

"No, you won't," said the official. "You must leave this compartment, or else I shall have to call a police constable to push you out."

"Well, then let him do so. I refuse to get out voluntarily."

The constable came. He took me by the hand and pushed me out. My luggage was also taken out. I refused to go to the other compartment and the train steamed away. I went and sat in the waiting room, keeping my handbag with me, and leaving the other luggage where it was. The railway authorities had taken charge of it.

It was winter, and winter in the higher regions of South Africa is severely cold. Maritzburg being at a high altitude, the cold was extremely bitter. My overcoat was in my luggage, but I did not dare to ask for it (lest I might be insulted again), so I sat and shivered. There was no light in the room. A passenger came in at about midnight and possibly wanted to talk to me. But I was in no mood to talk.

I began to think of my duty. Should I fight for my rights or go back to India, or should I go on to Pretoria without minding the insults, and return to India after finishing the case? It would be cowardice to run back to India without fulfilling my obligation. The suffering I should have to go through would be superficial —only a symptom of the deep disease of color prejudice. I should try, if possible, to root out the disease and suffer hardships in the process. Redress for wrongs I should seek only to the extent that would be necessary for the removal of the color prejudice.

So I decided to take the next available train to Pretoria.

The following morning I sent a long telegram to the General Manager of the Railway, and also informed Abdulla Seth. He immediately met the General Manager who justified the conduct of the Railway authorities, but informed him that he had already instructed the Station Master to see that I reached my destination safely. Abdulla Seth wired to the Indian merchants in Maritzburg and to friends in other places to meet me and look after me. They came to see me at the station and tried to comfort me by narrating their own hardships and explaining that what had happened to me was nothing unusual. They also said that Indians travelling first or second class had to expect trouble from railway officials and white passengers. The day was thus spent in listening to these tales of woe. The evening train arrived. There was a reserved berth for me. I now purchased at Maritzburg the bed ticket I had refused to book at Durban.

The train took me to Charlestown.

M. K. GANDHI.

(*Translated from Navajivan by Mahadeo Desai.*)

Armistice Day 1926

Let us evoke no phantom throng
With marble monument and song,
With mock solemnity that comes
From marching feet and muffled drums;
But in this drift of after years
Let us pay honor with our tears.
They dared to die, let us who live
Dare to have pity and forgive.

LUCIA TRENT.

Philippine Independence and Rubber

Our conquest of the Philippine Islands and the subjugation of their people, on the very eve of their achieving their independence from Spain, constituted the most disgraceful chapter in our American history, save perhaps the Mexican war. General Grant, although as a young lieutenant in the regular army he had to go to it, rightly pronounced that war "one of the most unjust wars ever waged by a stronger against a weaker people." Our escapade in the Philippines was conceived in sin and brought forth in iniquity. It was a consequence and corollary of our blind and frenzied war with Spain. That war was wanton in the highest degree; the intolerable evils in Cuba which it was ostensibly undertaken to correct could have been righted in a peaceable and worthy way. Our minister at Madrid at the time, General Stewart L. Woodford, declared—he said it personally to me as to others—that his cabled assurance that the Spanish government accepted all our conditions was in President McKinley's desk at the time that he presented his war message to Congress. Our principle historian of the period, James Ford Rhodes, pronounced the war utterly unnecessary and unjustifiable; even Mark Hanna, he said, would have saved us from it. John D. Long, himself in McKinley's cabinet confirms the historian's view; every one of the President's arguments for the war, he wrote in his diary which has now been published, seemed to him an argument for keeping out of it.

The conquest of the Philippines was vastly worse than the war on Cuba and Porto Rico. It was false to our professed character and to our every political principle; and as such, it was protested against by all that was best in the republic as righteously and energetically as Burke and Pitt and Fox protested in Parliament in 1775 against the policies of Lord North and George the Third. Benjamin Harrison and Grover Cleveland, both of our living ex-presidents, protested. Sherman and Edmunds and Thomas B. Reed, all in their time favored candidates for the presidency, protested. Andrew Carnegie and a score of our great captains of finance and industry protested. The organized workingmen of America spoke with one voice for generosity and justice. Great companies of jurists and divines in every state, often through much obloquy, kept the faith. Howells and Mark Twain and John Burroughs in New York spoke out the old truths as loyally as Higginson and literary Boston. President Eliot and Charles Eliot Norton at Harvard were but the foremost of the protesting scholars and teachers of the country. George F. Hoar led the protest in the Senate, and Samuel W. McCall in the House of Representatives. The leader of the popular agitation was the venerable George S. Boutwell. Nor can we ever forget the untiring service of the devoted secretary of the Anti-Imperialist League, Erving Winslow, nor the heroic championship of Moorfield Storey, upon whom Boutwell's mantle fell, and who "always young for liberty," still speaks with the same clear and strong voice today as in 1900.

It is not pleasant to remember that this iniquity is now a quarter of a century old, and that the hopes which we gave the Filipino people when we took over their government from Spain have been dashed, and every high pledge disregarded. The explicit obligation assumed in the Jones bill, by which Congress itself promised them their independence as soon as they established a stable government, is treated as if it did not exist. Admiral Rodgers, speaking at the Williamstown Institute of Politics in August, said he thought we should pay no attention to it. "A bad promise," he said, "is better broken than kept."

Most of our people when they talk of the capacity of the Filipino people for independence and self-government talk as if self-government were one with democratic government. The Philippines must not be given independence because, they say, they can not maintain a government like ours. That is a debatable question; but suppose it true. These objectors would not dream of applying that condition of independence elsewhere. Spain and Italy are monarchies, both at the moment with dictators. Yesterday Greece had a dictator; and for financial purposes, Belgium's king is such today. A dozen years ago, Russia had a despotic Czar, and Turkey a despotic Sultan, and both are under despotism with other names now. We are not agitating for the withdrawal of independence from them. If an independent Filipino nation chose a monarchy instead of a republic for its political form, it might be wise; and if within a generation it had a dictator or two, that would simply make it European and fashionable. It would be none of our business, and has nothing to do with the right or wrong of independence, if the kingship or dictatorship be by "self-determination" and by "the consent of the governed," which we pretend to sponsor.

It is a comfortable belief for people who live in temperate or frigid zones that—"Where the snow falls there lives freedom," and that where the weather is hot the brethren are natural slaves, with no political rights which the blessed are bound to respect. Unluckily for the theory, things do not work out that way. Russia, which touches the Arctic Circle, after generations of tyranny is now in chaos; while Brazil, on the Equator, is republican and thriving. Spain, Italy and Turkey are now all under dictators; yet Madrid, Rome and Constantinople are all in the latitude of Britain and all temperate and salubrious. We did not propose to subjugate the Russian people to save them from the Czar, nor is it suggested that we do it now to save them from Bolshevism. We recognized the old despotic Russian government at its worst; as Washington with Jefferson's and Hamilton's approval, recognized the Revolutionary

government in France in 1793, while it was responsible for some of the worst excesses of the French Revolution. Democracy is one thing and independence is another. Every nation's form of government is its own affair. All this finical talk about the title of the Filipino people to independence is simply a blind to keep us from doing our plain duty.

As a matter of fact, not one American in ten cares a cent whether the Philippines have a president or a king. Not one in ten cares or thinks about them anyway. The tenth man who does think about them usually does it with reference to their capacity for a rubber supply, which might make our rubber-tire industry less dependent upon the Malay peninsula. At the Williamstown Institute of Politics this summer there was a discussion of our relations to the Philippines, extending over two or three days and participated in by a dozen "experts," foreign and domestic. The domestic were on the whole the worse, smug, thrifty, and commodious in incredible degree, viewing the whole question with strictly American eyes, and asking like another American at Manila this year—this Jefferson year —why in the world the Filipinos should care for independence. A former assistant-secretary of war, Congressman Wainwright of New York, declared at Williamstown that this country is "not yet prepared for a solution of the Philippine problem." If we are not prepared after considering it for a quarter of a century, what are the grounds of hope for future enlightenment? Congress, he said, "lacks definite knowledge of the complex situation." He "expressed a doubt whether Colonel Carmi Thompson's report would have much effect on Congress" and suggested that "an approach toward a solution would be made by the adoption of his bill for a joint Congressional Commission to visit the islands every two years to investigate conditions." As for independence, "the time had not yet arrived for such a step; the American government was convinced it would be a misfortune for the Philippines." A British official had said to him, "If you pulled out, Japan might be expected to be there by dinner, but we certainly would be there by tiffin." He evoked an outburst of applause when he declared that General Leonard Wood "had said the last word on the subject." This is a fair sample of the talk at Williamstown. This particular war secretary and congressman, it may be said, to make the personal equation clear, is a lieutenant-colonel, a member of the Army and Navy Club in Washington and many New York clubs, and director of sundry banks, trust companies and mortgage companies, possessing that fine, that good mixture of military and monetary experience so propitious at this juncture for wisdom in Philippine politics.

Only Admiral Rodgers, at Williamstown, advised actual dishonor by our repudiation of our express pledge of independence. But only two voices, and those two of Filipino scholars who were present, spoke with the Jefferson accent, demanding independence for their people and government by the consent of the governed.

It is to be feared that the successive biennial reports of a joint Congressional Committee visiting the Philippines would have no more effect on Congress than the ex-assistant secretary of war foresees for the report of Colonel Carmi A. Thompson. Its probable effect would be to delay the admission that the government there is "stable" so long as provision can be secured for such biennial Congressional junkets at the public cost. A voyage to Manila makes an interesting and attractive holiday for a certain type of public servant, and the "joint commission" would be apt to grow, with a growing body of ex-assistant secretaries of war and of the navy as attaches, until the public conscience revolted sufficiently for clamor. Its report would always be the same, the same that Colonel Carmi A. Thompson was instructed to make before he sailed for Manila, that the Filipino government is not yet "stable" and the time for Filipino independence is not yet.

Who is Colonel Carmi A. Thompson as the personal representative of President Coolidge, ostensibly to learn and report about the fitness of the Filipino people for independence, but actually as is abundantly evident for speeches and interviews there in behalf of the turning over of the islands to American rubber capitalists on easy terms? Why was this particular Ohio politician chosen by the President for this peculiar mission? What kind of "Colonel" is he; and as the man asked in Dr. Hale's story, "What does he do to home?"

His home is Cleveland, Ohio, forty miles from Akron, our great rubber capital, as Detroit is our great automobile capital. He was educated at the Ohio State University, practiced law at Ireton, Ohio, and organized the Ireton bank. He served in the Ohio legislature and as Ohio's secretary of state. Under President Taft of Ohio, he served for sixteen months as assistant secretary of the interior, and four months as President Taft's private secretary, then for four months as treasurer of the United States. Finance and politics seem to have gone always hand in hand with him, from the day when he was at once city solicitor of Ireton and director of the Ireton bank. He has been general manager of the Great Northern Iron Ore Properties, president of the Cottonwood Coal Co., president of the South Butte Mining Co., and general manager of the Tod-Stambaugh Iron Ore Co. at Cleveland. Altogether his training seems ideal for the political-financial succotash of his present mission, the persuading of the Filipino people to substitute for dreams of independence a "sure thing" in rubber under Akron steering. Meantime Firestone of Akron chats rubber with the President at Paul Smith's in the Adirondacks, the specific theme emphasized by the newspaper reporters being the immense areas in the islands available for American rubber investors. It is quite within the range of possibility that Mr. Firestone and Colonel Thompson have met personally, perhaps dined together at the Union Club in Cleveland. Cleveland is the rubber magnate's nearest large town, and there are frequent trains with parlor cars. Was it perhaps Mr. Firestone who commended the Colonel to President Coolidge for elevation to his present preëminence and reliable service?

Reliable service in another field may be needed; and provision for it has not been neglected. The independence bacillus has pushed and spread so far in the Luzon brain that the situation there is liable at any hour to become hopeless. The Moros of the other islands are centuries behind the Luzon Christians in political development; and Mindanao, especially, with its millions of acres, is as favorable for rubber as Luzon. The population is moreover jealous of the Luzon population. Hence the punctual Bacon bill providing for contingencies. If independence must be given to Luzon, the other islands shall remain subject to us; and their people will have no special aversion to the peonage, for such in substance it would be, which seems at present a condition of successful rubber culture. They care for subsistence much more than they are likely to care in a

hurry for our schools and our Declaration of Independence.

Never has the sordidness of our Philippine venture been brought into such high relief; never has the game appeared so brazen and so nauseous.

Some of us would like to know more about the relation of the Bacon bill and the Thompson mission, which burst upon us at the same time. What was the real fatherhood or grandfatherhood of the bill? Were they of coeval conception; and what was the degree of their consanguinity? Is there any Akron string to Bacon; and were Bacon and Thompson joint themes in the colloquy of Mr. Firestone and the President in the Adirondacks? Congressman Bacon is a Colonel, like Carmi Thompson, served in the United States Treasury Department for a year just before Colonel Thompson became treasurer of the United States, and was then for a dozen years in the investment banking business. So far as financial and military qualifications go, he seems to be well trained in the political philosophy now demanded for Manila and Mindanao.

Honorable Charles G. Washburn of Worcester has recently published an article on the "Way Out of the Philippines." He is not a Bourbon, but has learned the lesson that stupid people have not learned. He knows that somehow we must get out of the islands and do it soon; and as a patriotic American he would like to see us do it with honor and not with humiliation. He considers in some detail ways to effect it. About these suggestions students of the situation will have different opinions. But there are two passages in his article which all serious persons must recognize as highly important. One is a letter by Theodore Roosevelt, his long-time friend, which he incorporates, in which, writing twenty years ago, Mr. Roosevelt said:

"I am bound to say that in the physical sense I don't see where the islands are of any value to us. It is very difficult to awaken any public interest in providing an adequate defense of the islands; and though if attacked, our people would certainly defend them at no matter what cost in warfare, the result in the end would be such utter disgust that at the first opportunity the islands would be cut adrift or handed over to anyone."

The other important word is Mr. Washburn's own: "There is plenty of inflammable material in the Philippines; and it is my belief that if we continue to hold them under the present conditions there will in the course of time be a revolution, which we must put down; and I can not think of a war that would be more distasteful to the American people than one to suppress a revolution by a subject people seeking their freedom."

It seems to some of us, who do not greatly care whether the rubber manufacturers of Akron get their rubber from Manila or Singapore, and we have no doubt that if rubber raising in the Philippines is likely to be profitable the people of the Philippines will find it out, that the time has come for the American people to ask themselves whether in their relations to the Philippines they had not better stop monkeying with the buzz-saw.

Colonel Carmi Thompson's first word on his arrival in Manila was Rubber. He was sent, it was stated, not as an advisor or dictator of policies, but as a student and reporter. If this statement were untrue, the money for his expenses was taken from the treasury under false pretenses. President Coolidge certainly knows what he was sent for. He is too canny a man to be "used" by anybody. There is no likelihood that he was surprised that the Colonel's first word at Manila was Rubber, nor does he doubt that Rubber will be his last word there. Many did not believe the statement given out at Washington as to the purpose of his mission. They said that he was simply sent out under the Government's auspices to pave the way for the big rubber interests that want to get easier control of the lands of the islands. The "patriotic" henchmen of the administration resented this and reiterated that our conquest of the islands was a missionary adventure. We remain there to train the people in "self-government." Our work of educating them (at their expense), for the expense has all come from their taxes, was the last word in disinterestedness. If we left, they would straightway be enslaved by the Japanese or some other species of heathen.

The Japanese could not be hired to go there. They hate hot weather and like to go from home less than any other mortals. Their Government can not cajole enough of them to settle even Formosa, nearer and more attractive, to utilize the great opportunities there and meet Formosa's pressing needs. If we want to guarantee the Philippines' security, they would be neutralized tomorrow on request by the whole family of nations represented at Geneva. The Japanese government itself has been the first to declare that it would gladly co-operate in this. If we want to maintain some impressive expression of our guardianship and consuming devotion, the Philippine government would gladly pay the bills of a resident American "adviser," such as we have provided for half a century, and still provide, for Siam.

That is not what the Washington administration wants, and every sensible person knows it. "Vainly the net is spread in the sight of any bird," or of any American with his eye-teeth cut. Colonel Carmi Thompson was not sent to learn but to steer; and he started on the job immediately without waiting even for the semblance of learning. The Philippine legislature promptly gave him a hearing; and in his address he "urged the economic development of the islands by the opening of vast rubber fields." Governor Wood at the same time urged the same thing, recommending legislation to "encourage outside capital to develop natural resources, especially rubber." Colonel Thompson was politely greeted, but there was "no applause" for Governor Wood. The Filipino leaders, said the dispatch, "evidently want to get General Wood out"; and as soon as Colonel Thompson himself withdrew, the Senate and House unanimously adopted a resolution requesting him to "convey to the President of the United States the constant and intense desire of the Filipino people for immediate, absolute, and complete independence."

This extraordinary performance in the Philippines marks the initiation of a new Philippine policy protected by the administration. A bill was introduced by the House insular affairs committee to divert the Philippine customs duties from the Philippine legislature to our Governor General. "The purpose of the bill, supported by President Coolidge, is to give greater power to the Governor General and to place an additional $1,500,000 annually at his disposal to build up an efficient civilian administrative power and lessen the power of the insular government to build up a political machine inimical at times to continued American control." It was in the despatch announcing this last spring that the statement was first made that a survey of these and

other matters was to be undertaken for the President by Colonel Carmi A. Thompson of Ohio.

It was edifying to know what it was that the Ohio politician went to the Philippines to survey. It seems to some of us that we do not need more knowledge concerning the Philippines so much as more virtue. Colonel Carmi Thompson could not survey and assemble very much that is new in a year; and to support him out there longer, plus his expenses out and back, would be unbecoming in an administration so economical that it can not always sanction a special car for the President on the train from Washington to Chicago. Ex-Governors Taft, Forbes and Harrison are all among us, and Governor Wood is at the other end of the cable. Surely these must know much more than Colonel Carmi A. Thompson could gather in a year's junket. What does the President want? On the Philippine side, the heads of the Philippine legislature are ready to report, and the Philippine commissioner is always in Washington. Knowledge is not what is wanted. A more ornate excuse is wanted for strengthening our grip on the islands, with their new and buoyant rubber promise, and checking the movement there "inimical to continued American control"; and Colonel Thompson can "sign the dotted line" more dramatically in Manila than in Washington. No sophisticated person is deceived for a moment by the melodrama, nor by the corresponding rhetoric secured by Governor Wood at the same moment from the superannuated Aguinaldo, who now for the first time has the Republican imprimatur as "the greatest living Filipino."

It now appears that Colonel Thompson will not even stay out his year, nor half a year. In this October it is announced that he has sailed for home. It is also announced, by reason probably of the uproar over the strange performance, that he will pay his own bills for his trip. This is as it should be. If anybody besides himself were to pay them, it should be Firestone of Akron, certainly not the United States Treasury. His contribution to the knowledge and wisdom needed for our Philippine policy remains to be made; and the reporters will meet him at the dock.

Just before Colonel Thompson left Manila, Henry Stimson, former Secretary of War, who also is a colonel, appeared there for some reason, evidently to back up General Wood and Colonel Thompson, in their hot water. He sailed away, first issuing a statement in defense of the Governor General. The President of the Philippine Senate, Manuel Quezon, promptly issued a counter statement, saying that Mr. Stimson was in no sense an impartial observer; that he had been the guest of Governor Wood during his brief stay, and had had almost no intercourse with the people. It seemed very strange that this former secretary of War, high in the councils of the Republican party, should appear in Manila and publish a statement at such a time in defense of the existing regime, when a representative of the President was there charged ostensibly with studying the situation and reporting to the President. Stimson's statement that the Filipino people were satisfied with Governor Wood and the present regime was false. The Filipino people wanted absolute independence, and were "ready to assume the risks of an independent national existence." Mr. Quezon spoke severely of a recent interview in which Governor Wood advocated indefinite postponement of independence, if not permanent retention of the islands, and of his always surrounding himself with military advisers and keeping aloof from the Filipino legislature. He sought more and more to control the revenues, to appoint American officials, and to foster jealousy between Christian and non-Christian Filipinos. He was supplanting legislative control by personal rule.

The apologists for continued American control now manifest a nervous concern lest our withdrawal would take from the islands the advantages of the present free trade between them and us. That is in no way necessarily involved. If the free trade is good for us, we are free to continue it just the same in the one case as in the other; and if it is not good for us, the plain people may be quite sure that we should not be carrying it on now on high grounds of philanthropy. We are free to institute a policy of reciprocity with any people at any time.

It is almost thirty years since we conquered the Philippines. Admiral Dewey said in 1898, as soon as he became acquainted with the people and their leaders, that they were as capable of self-government as the people of Cuba, whom he knew; and he saw no reason why we should not treat them just as we treated Cuba. They have been under our tutelage for this quarter of a century. If they are not now capable of self-government, it means retrogression and a poor system, and they had better be given a new deal. This whole new lingo at Washington sounds strangely like the London lingo of 1765 and 1775 relating to the American colonies. What the President calls "a political machine inimical to continued American control" is the Philippine legislature, elected by the Philippine people; as the Boston town-meeting and the Massachusetts Assembly, supplemented duly by the Continental Congress, were "political machines" inimical to British control. The analogy is the more startling as in this Jefferson year we are celebrating governments "deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed." Our government in the Philippines today is not government by consent, but government by satrap. General Wood is General Gage. The power of the purse is fundamental in government. Taxation without representation, the disposition of the revenues by imposed power, was anathema to Boston and Williamsburg in 1775 above all else. In Jefferson's indictment of the king of Great Britain in the Declaration were: "for imposing taxes on us without our consent," and "for quartering large bodies of armed troops among us." Our administration's new policy in the Philippines is the stamp act over again, the tea tax over again. When the stamps reached Boston in 1765, the Assembly, under the lead of Samuel Adams, declared that "the stamp act cancels the very conditions upon which our ancestors settled this country"; and when by and by the tea-tax came, along our administration's new lines in the Philippines, the people took more summary action. It might be salutary if some of those Manila men would throw some tea over-board. That might wake up the politicians at Washington. I fear nothing else will.

Is it not time that this farce in the Philippines was brought to an end? Is there a better time to make a start than now, in the after-glow of our Sesqui-centennial pride, with our cheeks still swelled from shouting for "government by consent of the governed?" There is nothing that could be so worthy in this commemorative year as the proclamation of the independence of the Philippines after the shameful delay, in our fulfillment of our promises. If this is not done, all our paeons to Thomas Jefferson are satire and mockery.

Edwin D. Mead.

America and Europe in the Quest for Peace

[This brief article was originally a letter written to an Englishman in France in answer to an inquiry about public opinion in America on the League of Nations and the World Court. We value it as the best up-to-date statement of American conditions that we have seen.—EDITOR.]

Europeans ought to know that the political sentiment in this country is drifting farther and farther away from the League of Nations. No political party in this country will now as much as mention the League except to condemn it. Since the failure of ratification of the Versailles Treaty devious efforts have continued in this country on the part of pro-Leaguers by furious propaganda and stimulated evidence of "overwhelming sentiment" to intrigue us into the League. But it has worked backward, although at times it has seemed to have considerable momentum, reaching even into the portals of the White House.

The President (though the head of the anti-League party) got convinced by exaggerated display of support and pressure that adherence to the Court was a good thing, politically—popular, kindly, harmless—and that it would serve to put to sleep the entire League question and thereby leave the way clear for his great issue of "prosperity." Through the almost unprecedented use of cloture the League Court was jammed through the Senate, but since then there has been such a condemnation by the voters in the various states, of this action and of the Court itself, not only in the Republican Party but in the Democratic party as well, that the President has been compelled in effect to reverse himself. Just the other day the American Legion refused to endorse the Court which it did enthusiastically last year. The floor leader of the Republican Party on the Court issue, Senator Lenroot of Wisconsin, was severely defeated for nomination in September, and will be out of the Senate. Senator McKinley of Illinois, a loyal supporter of the Administration, voting for cloture and the Court, was overwhelmingly defeated for renomination by an anti-Court candidate. Both nominees for the Senate from Illinois now, Republican and Democratic, are opposed to the League and the Court, and stand upon anti-Court platforms. Senator Pepper of Pennsylvania, one of the greatest intellects in the Senate, suddenly reversed himself on the Court in order to fly into the arms of the President, and voted for cloture and the Court, though he had for some years condemned the Court and the League. Notwithstanding an expenditure of two million dollars on his behalf he was snowed under in Pennsylvania and will be succeeded by an anti-Court senator. Three other Senators, one Democrat and two Republicans, have announced their change of heart and will vote to take us out of the Court. These are mere samples of the change of public opinion as reflected through the political mirror. Recently the President, who for two years had crusaded for the Court, claiming that the four "Harding-Hughes reservations" were ample to protect American interests and to safeguard every danger, now says that the fifth reservation (not dreamed of by Harding or Hughes, but incorporated by the Senate) must not be touched or changed in any way and that if it is we will not go into the Court. In other words, his two-year crusade was all a fake, all a delusion, because now the *fifth* reservation is the thing. What this means is that the President has discovered a different kind of public sentiment and a different coin of political value from what he thought he saw in the Court one and two years ago.

Therefore, Europeans desiring American co-operation must abandon the constant attempt by processes of indirection—the Court, Conferences on Disarmament, on Prohibition of Arms, co-operation in humanitarian activities—by some means or other, to dragoon us into the League. This process has proved to be an absolute failure. Another thing Europeans must know is that there is such a radical conflict between the "American" idea and the "European" idea of establishing international peace that the two are irreconcilable. Every European plan dished up for America is based upon force; and if force doesn't seem to work they put more force into it on the theory that if you get force enough you are bound to get peace. The American idea, from the foundation of our government down, is the reverse, and it has culminated in the spread of the gospel of Outlawry which altogether reprobates and repudiates the efficacy of force for either peace or justice.

Now the Europeans should see that the way to get us into the League is not at all by the subtle process of secret doors or indirect routes, but by recognizing the indispensable American conditions of any League or Court, which are likewise the indispensable conditions of peace.

Just now things American are unpopular in Europe because forsooth we haven't given them enough billions of dollars, and because they have emotionally thought themselves into the proposition that the war was really our war and that they held the trenches until we could get over there. And they have tried to bulldoze or scare us and ridicule us and "Shylock" us—all of which has served to crystallize public sentiment against debt cancellation and much more powerfully against the League and its Court.

What we need is a new deal, a new basis, a new method of approach.

Now specifically as to the Court:

We do not object to the Court because it is a court but because it is *not* a court; because the Court is the private counsel or attorney-general of the League, dealing out advisory opinions on parts of subjects to guide the oligarchical Council in its control or attempted control of the world. America will never consent to that. Nor will America ever agree to a court, with any kind of wholeheartedness or seriousness, until the court is predicated on and dedicated to the abolition and outlawry of war. We do not object to the League

Court if made wholly independent of this oligarchical Council, and given a code based upon the riddance of war and the equality of nations, a court that would be as free to act against the great powers as the small, and a court that, with war outlawed, would have the power to summon in an offending nation at the suit of the offended nation. These things would make it a real court. The present League Court is nothing but an arbitral tribunal, with no power to issue a summons, or to handle a dispute, except by the consent of the interested parties. These other things would make it a real court and a real peace agency. *In short, we want a peace court, not a League Court.*

As you know, the debate in our Senate on January 27 of this year developed the fact that the advocates of the Court in the Senate would like to have taken away from the Council the power to enforce by war the decisions of the Court, but feared that the members of the Council would never consent to such a reservation or provision and that therefore in order to co-operate with Europe we would have to yield on that vital point.

I can see advantages in keeping the League Court and in keeping the League, but they must be utterly transformed into agencies of peace and agencies of justice, based upon absolute equality, just as the constituent members of the United States are equal before the bar of our Federal Supreme Court, which has jurisdiction over their sovereign disputes, but no jurisdiction to enforce its decisions by military power. *We do not want to amend the League or the Court, we want to revolutionize them on behalf of peace.*

I hope you will take the bull by the horns and put the case squarely before your French audience.

The French, for example, are constantly insisting upon "security," by which they seem to mean, paradoxically enough, that they cannot disarm or agree to anything peaceful unless they have large armies and powerful military alliances. Unless a person is mentally blind he can see that the United States will never enter into a military alliance in time of peace. But if she joins any general organization under a treaty, or in any other form, whereby the institution of war is abolished and outlawed, the United States, without any alliance, without any agreement to that affect, would be the first to resent most powerfully any unruly disturber of that peace. Until Europe is ready to discard the philosophy of force (not to disband its armies or its protective forces) and adopt the philosophy of treaties of peace and laws of peace, it is an easy prophecy that the United States cannot be drawn into any kind of world compact.

S. O. Levinson.

The Study Table

"This Believing World" Again!

To know all religions is to believe in none. At least, it compels proper perspective and relationship of one's own religion toward the remaining others and should obviate the tyranny of superimposed authority of either book or institution. Such knowledge does prove that all religion is the product of the ever-ascending inner life of the race and not an especial ukase from an anthropomorphic personality from on high.

"This Believing World"* is a delightful symposium of the great religions of the world, done well and most interestingly. Indeed, it is what Professor Robinson would indicate, a "humanization" of comparative religions, and brings home to every intelligent layman a branch of human thought and culture heretofore criminally neglected by even the educated. With organized theology coloring the world's complexion to the extent that it does and influencing man's life and conception of life throughout the centuries with no particular credit to himself, what is so important, what can presage a more salutory delivery even in this age—still an age of ultra-montane and Protestant Fundamentalism—than a knowledge of the religions of other peoples. Am I alone in the hope that a knowledge of comparative religions will eventually constitute a part of the curriculum of our high schools and colleges? In such an event, there is not a book better fitted to the purpose, in method, manner and content, than that of Lewis Browne.

The prologue is charming and revealing. The Holy City is a quagmire of hatred—each group hating the other—each regarding itself the only custodian of the Almighty and the attorney of record to defend the rights of the Lord and His Prophets. And all because of religion. "What is it, this thing we call Religion? Whence did it come? And why?"

This is a question which has not been asked for the first time. A question that startles the ears of religious partisans—upon whom it never dawns that religion is the product of psychological growth and phenomena and not a supernatural dispensation.

Schleiermacher, defining religion, takes it to consist in a feeling of absolute dependence. Lewis Browne develops this "dependence" in the first two chapters dealing with the rudiments of the subsequent luxuriating systems. There are, indeed, a number of facts and inferences to which cultural anthropologists will take exception. But no matter—the true implications are there; and the reader who has never heard of Tylor, Fraser, Lowie, Max Mueller, Feuerbach, will find no difficulties.

Living in Christendom, readers are particularly interested in the chapters on Christianity and Judaism. In these two chapters, Lewis Browne shows himself at his best. He is dispassionate and yet sympathetic. He is scholarly, in so far that he is completely aware of the Higher and Textual Criticisms of the Bible and utilizes their inferences and conclusions; and is thoroughly imbued with the scientific method of handling his materials. Of course, to the orthodox, both Christian and Jewish, "This Believing World" is rank apostacy.

Browne dedicates his book to H. G. Wells. The

*"This Believing World," by Lewis Browne. Published by Macmillan. [This is a second review of this same book, but we print it because we like the review, and are glad to give so excellent a book another.—Ed.]

reviewer feels that the author should have preferred Hendrik van Loon. The approach and style of this very excellent work is inescapably van Loonish; which does not militate against Lewis Browne, for his talents and ability are many and obvious.

"This Believing World," again, is a delightful symposium, embroidered with exquisite illustrations by the author himself, exhibiting a hand more practiced than the earlier one in "Stranger than Fiction."

M. CARL BECK.

Correspondence

A Protest From Detroit

Editor of UNITY:

For sheer perversion of fact and withholding of credit where credit is due, your editorials upon the Detroit situation take first prize. In the editorial on page 116 castigating the Detroit churches there is no recognition of the fact that two churches, Bethel Evangelical and the First Unitarian, refused to withdraw the invitation to labor speakers and such speakers were heard on Sunday. Also that a third church, the Universalist, extended an invitation AFTER the protest was made public and had a labor representative in its pulpit on Sunday.

Turning to Mr. McAfee's article we find it stated that "conspicuous among the local pastors who organized successful church meetings of protest were Dr. Hough, Dr. Atkins and Dr. Niebuhr." The first mentioned opposed the proposition from the beginning, and refused to invite a labor representative into his pulpit while, as president of the Detroit Council of Churches, he, with the secretary, was responsible for its washing its hands of the whole matter the moment the protest was staged. The second of the above gentlemen invited a speaker but when the protest came, referred it to his church. He was sustained by a small majority but decided that on account of the small margin and the vigorous opposition of the chairman of his official board, it was inexpedient to have a speaker and the invitation was withdrawn . On the other hand, the only "meeting of protest" was arranged by the Federal Council of Churches, whose representatives were disgusted with the cowardly inactivity of the Detroit Council,—but when the plan was made known, one of the above ministers immediately offered his church as a place of meeting while the other offered himself as presiding officer. It required no courage to speak "brave words" at that afternoon meeting.

X. Y. Z.

Detroit, Mich.

[We print the above letter gladly, because we believe that the protest voiced therein is well-founded. Furthermore, we are eager, as always, not to vindicate any statement or opinion of our own, but to find and tell the truth. Hence our gratitude to this correspondent, who asks to remain anonymous, for setting us right.

At the same time we must ourselves protest our innocence of any intention to pervert, or hide, or neglect the facts. Our editorial comments on the Detroit episode were based on reports as published in the New York newspapers at the time. In none of these reports was any mention made of the Bethel Evangelical, the First Unitarian, or the Universalist churches. As regards the Unitarian church, whose minister and people we know and admire, we assumed that this church was not a member of the Council of Churches, as it seldom is in any city west of the Hudson, and that therefore it was not involved in any way. We rejoice that there were three churches, three ministers, three congregations, in Detroit, which stood fast and thus vindicated Christianity. To them all we give our apologies—and admiring salutations.—Ed.]

Conscripts in the Civil War

Editor of UNITY:

Will you permit me to correct what seems to be a very serious error in the "American Notes" of your issue of October 4th. The writer in that article, in discussing the Civil War in America in connection with the life of the Reverend Theodore Walker, says: "I was impressed by the fact that young Walker joined the 24th Ohio Volunteers. That was the day when conscription had not been discovered by the English speaking people. It would have been unbearable, unthinkable. It has been an occasion of disappointment and astonishment that Americans swallowed conscription under Wilson with hardly a murmur."

Now the fact is that the Civil War was won, not by volunteers, but by conscripts. The volunteer system had been an utter failure. There was great enthusiasm at first, but as the war went on and the South won victory after victory and Lincoln was threatened with the destruction of the Union, he determined to resort to conscription and in opposition to Seward and the leading members of his Cabinet and the sentiment of many of the leading statesmen of the country, he literally forced Congress to pass a law to raise armies by conscription. In the words of Mr. Buchan, it was one of the second greatest acts of Lincoln's life—the other being the Emancipation Proclamation which freed the slaves and, like all great acts of courage, it had its reward.

Four months later, Gettysburg was fought, Vicksburg surrendered to Grant and the tide turned. The North recruited from first to last some three milliion out of a population of twenty million. The men had been found, the human resources of the North had been fully mobilized and two years after the passing of the act came that April day when Lee surrendered to Grant at Appomattox. For a more complete discussion of the matter, I refer your readers to a recent publication of Houghton Mifflin Company entitled, "Two Ordeals of Democracy," by John Buchan.

It is quite singular that the facts of so important a period as the American Civil War can be so quickly forgotten by the American people. I myself was in that war and have personal knowledge of the causes and consequences of the draft as ordered by Lincoln on March 3rd, 1863. Whatever may be our opinions as to the abstract righteousness of such action, it undoubtedly was the salvation of the American Union and to it, we owe our present well being. Without it, the Union would. have been lost and North America would be now a congery of little countries fighting between themselves and utterly without influence in the world at large. I refer your readers to the book of Mr. Buchan and wish that it might be read by every young man and woman in the United States. I wish also to call attention to the "Life of Abraham Lincoln," by Carl Sandburg. This seems to me to be a distinct advance in the science and art of book making. Mr. Sandburg deals with the life of Lincoln down to the time of his departure from Springfield to Washington. It is a work of the very highest order and a credit to the literary genius of America. This also should be read by every American citizen who wishes to understand the history of his country. It is an entrancing book. I have read it until I know it almost by heart.

Although this letter is critical and seeks to correct a serious error in your publication, I wish to express my admiration for your work as a whole and shall continue to read UNITY in the future, as I have in the past, for my edification and entertainment.

ALGERNON S. CRAPSEY.

Sermons Wanted!

Editor of UNITY:

In view of the fact that the tendency of modern publications is to emphasize the material and crass side of life, we feel that a book of lofty thoughts would be welcomed at this time by all serious-minded people. For this reason we are preparing an anthology of sermons and discourses on the spiritual aspect of life. We shall be glad to consider manuscripts of not over three thousand words from clergymen and deep thinkers throughout the country for publication in this volume.

We would greatly appreciate the publication of this item in your weekly, since we are aware that you are in touch with the sort of people we are desirous of reaching.

Thank you for this courtesy.

I. KLINE, Business Manager,
Unicorn Publishing Company.
220 W. 42 St., New York.

The Field

"The world is my country, to do good is my Religion."

CHILD LABOR

In the summer of 1925 the National Child Labor Committee realized that it was impracticable to expect the ratification of the child-labor amendment in the near future. It has therefore been devoting its efforts for over a year to general education and to work in the different states, to the end that reasonable standards may be established by state laws.

This does not mean that the Committee disavows either the principle or form of the child-labor amendment. It believes in both. It does mean, however, that the Committee, seeking to insure reasonable protection for every child from harmful, and therefore wrongful, employment by whatever legitimate means possible, concerns itself less, far less, with the means than with the end. Full protection for every child could be provided by state legislation. The people, in failing through their legislatures to ratify the amendment, had, we feel sure, no intention of expressing disapproval of all child-labor regulation, but they did indicate a very decided preference to travel the state road to the goal and the Committee is ready, as it has always been, to travel with them.

The legislatures of more than forty states will meet in 1927. Flat uniformity in state child-labor standards is not to be expected and is not desirable except as to minimums. That the whole subject may be given further and more careful consideration and that the country may know exactly what the Committee plans to do during the next year, we reprint the minimum standards which through its publications, through its departments of research, investigation and legislation, and in any other way feasible it is striving to have established in every state.

MINIMUM STANDARDS

I. No child under fourteen to be employed at any gainful occupation.
II. No child under sixteen to be employed:
1. At any work or in any place dangerous, injurious or hazardous. Places and occupations known to be dangerous, injurious or hazardous for children under sixteen should be enumerated in the law, but authority should be delegated to some state board to extend the list.
2. After 7 at night or before 6 in the morning.
3. For more than 8 hours a day, or 6 days or 48 hours a week.
4. During the hours when the public school is in session unless the child has completed the eighth grade or its equivalent.
5. Unless the employer gets a work permit from the proper school official upon the following four conditions: (Except that no work permit is to be required for work in domestic service or agriculture):
(a) A promise of employment showing the exact nature of the work.
(b) Evidence that the child is of legal age for that specific employment.
(c) Evidence that the child has completed the eighth grade of the public school or its equivalent. If all other requirements are complied with, this should be waived during the time the public school is not in session, a special vacation-work permit being issued.
(d) A statement by an authorized physician showing that

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By Wiley H. Swift,